

THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

WM. H. TRIMMIER.

Devoted to Southern Rights, Politics, Agriculture, and Miscellany.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVIII.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1861.

NO. 28.

The Carolina Spartan.

Price, Two Dollars per annum, in advance, or \$2.50 at the end of the year. If not paid until after the year expires \$3.00. No subscription taken for less than six months. Money may be remitted through postmasters at our risk. Job work of all kinds promptly executed. Blanks, Law and Equity, continually on hand, and printed to order. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. The SPARTAN circulates largely over this and adjoining districts, and offers an admirable medium to our friends and to our customers.

Freedom of the Press.

The copies of the Daily News in the charge of the American Express Company were seized yesterday by the U. S. Marshal in this city. It is impossible to conceive by what authority a government can confiscate, without legal process, private property which a business firm has received in trust for the use of others. As well might the same officer lay violent hands upon a citizen's watch, his purse, or any article which he has paid for and which belongs exclusively to him. The Government, if it has authorized this illegal seizure, has gone one step too far, even to answer its own purposes. Reaching for a shield to cover its weakness, it has "overleaped itself and fallen on the other side." If the Administration will persist in gathering information only from the columns of the war press, it will never be awakened to a sense to the danger it is provoking until it is too late. Of every hundred voters in the city of New York seventy-five are antagonistic to the harsh and unconstitutional measures adopted by Mr. Lincoln and his advisers, and an equal proportion are absolute friends of the peace party. The city is quiet now—calm as a tropical sea when no breath stirs the flapping sail; but it is the calmness that precedes the hurricane. We are like men here sleeping within a magazine, where the train is laid and the blazing torch is at hand; one spark may spread ruin and desolation around. If the Administration will but pause, look about, take note of what is the true feeling and ponder, much that is terrible may be avoided.

Such wanton outrages upon right and liberty as have been witnessed in our midst, would have been sufficient to "stir the stones of Rome to rise and mutiny." The wrongs that precipitated the French Revolution were innocent in comparison. Citizens cast into dungeons without public charge against them and without hope of trial; private property confiscated at the beck of those in power, the hounded threat and suppressed, or prostituted to serve the ends of fanaticism. What ever did Louis XVI. so tyrannical and dangerous and he lost his head. What ever did Louis XVI. so tyrannical and dangerous and he lost his head. What ever did Louis XVI. so tyrannical and dangerous and he lost his head.

The people here have been unaccustomed to such wrongs; they can yet scarcely realize them. They are stunned for the time being by the quick succession of outrages that have been heaped at them, and they stand silent and motionless like men startled by an unexpected blow. But when they do awaken to a sense of injury—to a full conception of what they have lost and what they are losing—to an understanding that they are gliding, by rapid steps from freedom to bondage, they will not lack the impulsive action of the Parisian in his barricades, or the resolution of their forefathers at Lexington and Bunker Hill.

A New York letter of the 27th says: The proprietors of the Daily News, fearing an attack upon their establishment yesterday applied to the police Superintendent for protection. A force of 400 police was held in reserve in the lower stations, but up till one o'clock this morning their services had not been called into requisition. It was reported that forty men, armed with revolvers, were retained by the proprietors of the News, to meet any emergency. The Journal of Commerce office was also guarded.

Arrival of the Prisoners.

At an early hour yesterday morning, the prisoners, one hundred and fifty in number, sent from Richmond for confinement in Castle Pinckney, arrived in this city by the North-eastern Railroad. They were in charge of Capt. Gibbs, C. S. A., accompanied by an escort of twenty-five Louisiana and twenty-five Mississippians, under the command of Lieutenant Brockett. The officers were first taken out by Lieutenant Brockett, commanding the detachment from Richmond, and transferred to Captain Chichester, of the Zouave Cadets. The Zouaves were drawn up in two columns, and the prisoners received between the lines. The privates were also turned over by the same officer to a place in the column in the rear of the officers. As square was thus formed, the head and rear being the first and second platoon of the company from Richmond. Having given main body of the escort in Washington street, the line of march taken up for the jail, where the prisoners are to be confined until removed to Castle Pinckney.

The detachment from Richmond were escorted to the Charleston Hotel by the Washington Light Infantry, Lieut. Wilkie. On the line of march, most of the prisoners exhibited a miserable appearance. They manifested no disposition to escape, while some of them seemed to be in good spirits, and spoke jestingly of their change from a tobacco factory to what had more of the appearance of a State prison.

The Zouaves will act as a special guard until the transfer of the prisoners to Castle Pinckney. Preparations for their reception at Castle Pinckney are in progress, and their removal is expected to be made on Tuesday next. The third story of the jail has been assigned to the privates. The officers have been assigned them on the first floor.

[Charleston Courier, 14th.]

Resources of the South.

Before the present war, or at its threshold it had been customary not only for the Yankees to deride the resources of the South but for the Southern people themselves to distrust them. That distrust on the part of our people was far more general than is commonly known. It had been beaten into us by Yankee books; it had entered into us by a long endurance of the insolence of Yankee patronage; and it had become a secret uneasiness with the people of the South, despite their proud and vehement assertions of confidence in return for the boasts and threats of Northern men, how far they might be able to cope with the enemies of their independence. That old distrust, educated in us by so many insidious influences, has not easily been removed.

In the early sessions of Congress at Montgomery, the Military Committee of that body was very much puzzled to make their estimates of material for an army. Several of the members of the committee calculated, with difficulty, that twenty-five or thirty thousand men might be raised. At last a more hopeful and adventurous member announced his estimate of fifty thousand men; and the telegraph, with a patriotic strain on the opinion of the Congressman, and a considerable flourish, informed the North that it was "confidently" expected that the Southern Confederacy would be able to put an army of fifty thousand men in the field.

The estimates of a few months ago are now only ridiculous. We have already from four to five times fifty thousand men in the field. We are waging one of the most extensive and imposing wars in the world, not only with military success, but with an order and evenness in civil and industrial life that is especially surprising.

It is not only in the military point of view that the South has exhibited in the present war its greatest extent or its greatest novelty of resources. It has shown material, social and moral resources of most striking character and quantity. Our industry is not paralyzed by military employment; its quiet and regular aspects in the war are less than astonishing. The stranger in Richmond, uninformed of the history of the last few months, and shutting his eyes only to the single circumstance of soldiers passing through our streets could never imagine while observing the thriving and regular trade of the city and its great and ordinary intercourse of life, that a war vaster in its proportions than those which have rocked the nations of Europe to their foundations was being actively waged within a hundred miles of the capital of the South. Indeed, we can scarcely realize the fact for ourselves. The tumult, the disorder, the want, the clamor of the poor the tossing and restlessness of society—all these common distresses of civil war—where are they in Richmond? They are not visible here. They are not visible anywhere in the South.

Our crops are garnered as of yore; our industry has grown, instead of sinking under the pressure of war; our great system of slave labor has shown powers of adaptiveness, for which to mind in the South had given it credit before; the internal economy of our own society is uninterrupted; manufactures are growing up, the resource is not only abroad, but daily increase to meet the exigencies of the war, under the first demands of the necessities by which it was prodded we should utterly and irrevocably sink.

It requires no searching analysis of the present conditions of society in the South to indicate those higher classes of resources—the mental and the moral—that it has exhibited and developed during the present war. They are everywhere obvious and unmistakable. We see them in a statesmanship which furnished the only conservative principle of the old government and has already conducted the new safely through all the complications of the birth of a nation; in wise, prudent and masterly legislation and domestic council; in the absence of all revolutionary tendencies of society at a period of agitation; in the growth of a true and kindly republicanism, differing from agrarianism as equality does from insolence; in the conservative adherence to existing forms and institutions, and in the spirit of an unbounded patriotism, trustful and active, that neither complains of duty nor questions its commands.

War is the great revealer and test of national strength and national virtue. It was perhaps the only occasion that could have determined the relative superiority of South and North. That question, in all respects is put at rest forever. The South has surpassed the expectations of her own people; has challenged new additions to their admiration and love; has reassured the distrust which, though it never could have been breathed or conceived by her sons with respect to her means to defend and perpetuate them.

Where stands now the North, whose power, and wealth, and grandeur have been so long proached and exploited? The war has dispelled what appeared visions of reality. The splendid spectacles that have been so constantly paraded of the power of the North—their numbers, their great cities, their railroads, their schools, their enormous bounties, their centres of trade, their opulent living, their striking representations of wealth in money, are all gone like the baseless fabric of a dream. The bubble of feigning greatness that has so long danced before the eyes of the world is broken. "The Great North" no longer exists. The ruins of beggared wealth, the clamors of the poor, the mental and moral subservency of a whole people to an ugly and loathsome despot, attest that her power and virtue have alike disappeared under test of those times which try the strength and souls of both men and nations.

[Richmond Examiner.]

Fort Lafayette Its Prisoners.

The New York Herald publishes an interesting account of Fort Lafayette, the place selected by Government for the confinement of traitors, from which we extract the following facts:

"The entrance to New York bay is protected by forts on either side. On Staten Island side are Fort Tompkins and Richmond; on the opposite or Long Island shore is Fort Hamilton, which lies near a little island, the public road intervening between it and the sea. Fort Lafayette, is erected on a shoal about four hundred yards from shore, and nearly in a line between it and Fort Tompkins, with no other means of communication with the land than by boat. The shape of the fort is quadrangular, with the angles pointing to the sea and bay and either shore diamond wise. Facing Fort Hamilton are two tiers of heavy cannon, in bomb-proof casemates. On this side, which is less protected than the others, appear to be the barracks for the troops, and other necessary buildings, the roofs of which are seen rising above the walls of the fort. There are consequently no barbette guns here. This part of the fort, however, is completely commanded by Fort Hamilton, opposite which is the salient point in one of the angles.

On the other sides guns are mounted en barbette, in addition to the heavy casemate guns below. In fact, the entire structure, whatever may be said of its capacity as a defence against foreign invasion seems to be more than sufficiently strong to keep in security as many State prisoners as are likely to be intrusted to the hospitable care of Col. Burke. The prisoners are as comfortably lodged as is consistent with safe keeping. They are fed by the Government at its own expense, and with the best materials that the market can afford. They are also allowed to order and luxury that they choose to pay for. There are now about twenty prisoners, the principal of whom are Charles Howard, Wm. Gatchel, Charles Hinks and Jno. Davis, the Baltimore police commissioners; Mayor Berrett, of Washington; Col. Tyler, Pierce Butler, Robert Blair, T. S. Serrill, Charles Koffman, L. de Bédian, Samuel Aiken, and Messrs. Abney, Lyon and Smith."

General Cass on the War.

A Detroit correspondent of a Northern newspaper indignantly denies the truth of the report that General Cass had distinguished himself by his patriotism and liberality in equipping entire regiments, and making large contributions for the prosecution of the war. The Detroit letter writer (a violent Lincolnite) sarcastically adds that the rich old statesman has only "taken \$2,000,000 in our State bonds and in prosecuting the war, for which he will be entitled to seven per cent. interest."

"We shrewdly suspect" that General Cass's heart is not in this war inaugurated by his old enemies for the subjugation of the South, and the establishment of a military despotism on the ruins of the Federal Union, to which he says "he will cling as a partner clings to the last plank when night and tempest close around him." General Cass has no confidence in the capacity of the Northern people for self-government. He knows that they have not the first idea of rational liberty. He ardently desires the continuance of the Union, because, among other important considerations, it gave him an increased assurance of the security of his property in the free States. General Cass finds no guarantee for his property in the institutions or in the society in the North. He would make no admission of the kind under existing circumstances; but the fact is so, nevertheless.

Some years since, General Cass said to a Southern friend: "If you have your troubles in the South, we have ours also still greater in the North. If your slave property is threatened by abolitionism, ours is still worse threatened by anti-slavery, agrarianism and every variety of higher lawism." The old gentleman then simply asserted an undeniable fact, a fact with which he cannot possibly be less impressed now than he was then.—Richmond Enquirer.

We clip the following from the Manassas Junction correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch. The letter is dated September 5th:

"Yesterday morning, while attending the services of raising a shaft on the spot where Bartow fell heavy firing was heard in the direction of the Potomac, which lasted some two hours. Only the larger guns were distinguishable, the dull, heavy report of which, reverberating over the hills, came to our ears like distant sounds of thunder. It was then believed a general engagement had taken place, but the firing soon ceased, convincing us it was but a skirmish. Only a few vague facts have yet been obtained of the affair, and I have waited up to the last moment for further accounts. What has been learned here can be told in a few words. Early yesterday morning, 8,000 of the Federals marched up to Munson's Hill, which our men were fortifying, and made an attempt to dislodge them. Our advance consists of Longstreet's and Bonham's Brigades, stationed near each other, and close to Munson's Hill. Longstreet's force is composed of the First Virginia Regiment, commanded by Lieut. Col. Fry, in the absence of Col. Moore, who was wounded at the battle of the 18th; the Seventh Virginia, Col. Kemper, Lieut. Col. Williams and Major Patton; the Eleventh Virginia, Col. Corse; one Georgia regiment attached at present, and several pieces of artillery. Gen. Bonham has four South Carolina Regiments—the 2d, Col. Kershaw; the 3d, Col. Williams; the 4th Col. Sloan, and the 5th, Col. Jenkins. A portion of these was sent against the approaching enemy, and the engagement commenced. After a severe fight, the Federals were repulsed, and fled towards their lines."

Notes of the War.

At the present moment the interesting letter of a correspondent of the Charleston Mercury will be read with great interest.

Early yesterday morning Col. KERSHAW invited me to join a party of gentlemen whom he had promised to carry to Fall's Church and its vicinity, to give them, if possible, a sight of the enemy. The cavalcade consisted of Prof. LARDE, the Rev. Messrs. BARNWELL and MEYNARDIE, Dr. LAFAR, Captains RHETT and PERRYMAN, the Colonel's Staff, and myself. A few of these rode in an ambulance, the rest of us were well mounted, and—as these jaunts are not always safe—well armed. At eight o'clock we left camp and rode forward at a brisk pace, halting at the various pickets along the road, until on ascending a hill about a mile or so from the old church, we caught sight of the lofty spire which marks Alexandria, the now strongly fortified military post of the United States Army. This only sharpened our appetite for a nearer and more satisfactory inspection of the enemy's lines, so after taking a look through our glasses at the "Stars and Stripes" which flaunt boldly from the church tower for all men to see, we pushed on, and drew up in front of the venerable ante-revolutionary relic around whose sacred walls the opposed pickets have been skulking for the past two weeks. Let me do the Yankees all the justice they deserve, and say, that although they were at one time in possession of the church, and encamped near it, they have done the building no injury and have respected its burial ground. Nor is this surprising. No one can enter this hallowed enclosure, dotted with gray moss-covered stones which record the virtues of patriarchs who were laid to rest here before the spreading chestnut, whose roots urn their dust, was yet a bud, without a feeling of reverence that instinctively stills the voice, and lushes the step, and uncovers the head.

Fall's Church is an oblong brick building, standing on the north side of the road of the same name, and about eight miles from Alexandria. Of all the old country chapels I have ever entered, it is by far the best preserved. The pulpit, the reading desk, and a fine baptismal font of red sand stone, are inclosed by a substantial rail at the eastern end of the building, and facing the door, as you enter it, the Creed and Commandments hold up their solemn lessons of belief and admonition and promise to all the Christian souls that assemble here for worship. One monumental tablet adorns the walls, and the inscription is not unworthy of notice for its remarkable purity and fitness. It runs as follows:

HENRY FAIRFAX,
An accomplished gentleman,
An upright Magistrate,
A sincere Christian,
Died in command of the
Fairfax volunteers at
Saltillo, Mexico,
On the 14th day of August, 1847.
But for his munificence
This Church might still
Have been a ruin.

Riding on a couple of miles from there, and passing on the road groups of artillery men lying by their unlimbered guns, with caissons choked with fixed ammunition, ready for service at a moment's warning; squads of infantry, armed and unarmed, and in every variety of unpicturesque uniform,—if uniform that may be called where no two coats can be found of the same material color—mounted scouts coming in to report, and companies of cavalry going down all sorts of byroads or unknown missions—we came suddenly on Munson's Hill, a conical mound rising up abruptly some eighty feet above the surrounding level, and overtopping all its hilly neighbors on the front and rear.

A regiment of Virginia troops from Gen. LONGSTREET'S Brigade, occupies this position and near the top of the Hill a circular breastwork, with a dry ditch, has been thrown up for their protection. Unless artillery were employed in the attack, their force could hold the post against five times their number. The country in front is too level for the use of mortars with any success, as an attempt to shell the place could be promptly thwarted by bringing up a few light rifle cannon; whose plunging fire would easily command the plain beyond. The enemy does not seem inclined, however, to dispute our possession, and has acquiesced, apparently without a murmur, in our Commander-in-Chief's decision; that they shall keep within their lines, immediately on the river, until we are ready to advance. By the time this reaches you, the compliance will be a forced one, for dispositions are now being made to prevent recapture by the United States Army. Of the advanced line, which has been selected as the base of our future operations.

Standing on the crest of the hill, the panorama unrolled before you is one exquisite beauty. The river sweeps around the base of the hills beyond, hidden from view, but easily traced by the blue line of mist which marks its course. Beyond the unscathed boundary of our contending counties an infinite plain stretches out to the horizon, relieved here and there by a solitary farmstead nestled down in the deep foliage. Right in front of you, and only four miles and a half away, in an air line, the great steeple of Alexandria, banner-crowned, stands up against the clear sky. The town itself is obscured by an intervening strip

of woodland; but the works on Seminary Hill, which command the approach, can be seen with the naked eye. To the left of these fortifications, the dome of the Capitol lifts its ponderous head from the white shoulders of the city, which slope away on either side; and farther still to the left the once proud ensign of our derviced country floats out over the tree-tops where the fortified heights of Arlington bar the access of Virginia to the seat of Government which her immortal son formed.

The country between Munson's Hill and the enemy's outworks is broken by low hills, which roll into larger waves as they recede. Only half a mile below us our own pickets are outlying by a clump of locusts which skirt the road, and by that large barn, half hidden in the trees, and scarcely a mile away the group of men whom we see standing and sitting by their stacked arms are the eyes of the foe's advanced guard. Every now and then a puff of white smoke jets up from some bush or what rick in the intervening space, and the sharp "ping" of the Minnie rifle startles the ear. The pickets are trying hot shot at each other, and keep up this exciting duel unintermittedly. The enemy have made a great talk about our barbarity in resorting to this practice; but this is more than their usual cant; they never lose an opportunity of picking off our sentries when it can be done with a reasonable amount of safety.

We gazed long and earnestly on this exciting landscape, whose moral features far surpassed in interest its most charming physical elements. Never on this continent has such a scene unfolded itself. Long may it be our we are invited to witness its history and political science to trace its deeply furrowed lines and expound its momentous lessons. We turn away from it no passive spectators, and go forward with unshrinking hearts to take our part in the great struggle to which the future points us.

Just as we had left the hill we met Generals BEAUBOURG, LONGSTREET, JONES and COCKER, attended by a large escort of cavalry, and turned back to be present at the reconnaissance which they had come up from headquarters to make. Maps were unfolded and scouts summoned, and seated at a small table, the Hero of Manassas familiarized himself with the ground on which the next great battle will be probably fought.

We next visited Mason's Hill, an eminence about three quarters of a mile to the right of Munson's and commanding a partial, but clear view of one section of the great picture we had just been studying. From this spot, which is also entrenched, a glimpse of the Potomac reveals itself and the works on Seminary Hill, which looked rather feeble from the first stand point, turn out to be real field fortifications of considerable extent, and of a strength, which the road to Mason's hill through our bridge path turned a forest—sometimes the edge of a steep precipice, or ran straight up the face of the heavily wooded hill; and once we came suddenly on a gorge whose perpendicular and rocky sides made us hold our breath as our horses cautiously bore us down into the dark ravine, at whose base a turbulent little stream gurgled over its stony bed.

ADVANCE OF SOUTHERN FORCES UPON COLUMBUS, KY.—General Pillow, having returned from Missouri, took charge of the Confederate forces at Union City, and being joined by a portion of his command from Missouri, on yesterday advanced upon Columbus, which place he occupied without resistance. The Federal troops had taken their stand opposite, on apparently with the design of fortifying themselves there, but are understood to have moved higher up in the direction of Norfolk, Mo.

The number of troops under Gen. Pillow we, of course, do not deem it prudent to mention; but the mere fact of his advance, we think proper to publish now instead of copying the same intelligence from the Cincinnati or St. Louis papers; which we may receive on to-morrow.

Hickman is also in possession of our forces—a sufficiently large command being there for all political purposes. We presume these two places will be speedily fortified, with the view of holding them until the termination of the war, or until they cease to be points of strategic importance.—Memphis Appeal, 8th.

THE REV. STEPHEN PRIGLOSS MERRIMAC.—The Rev. J. J. Prigloss, writing from Norfolk, on the 28th ult., gives the Mobile Tribune an interesting account of a visit he recently paid to the navy yard at that place. He describes the Merrimac as follows:

"I was on the celebrated Merrimac. She is turned into a terrapin, only with a sharper back—or if you will take an old-fashioned chicken coop, with angular top, as a type on a small scale, you will have all of this great ship that will appear above water. Bow and stern will be entirely under water, and so constructed as to puncture anything that falls in the way. The only possible chance for an enemy to do anything with it, will be to straddle the sharp corner or comb of the roof, and sing to the sharks as he passes along. To get into it will be impossible, or to make a hole in it with any thing, or any machinery, just the same. It will be covered with oak plank, two courses each four inches thick, and then encased in railroad iron. Do you suppose a cannon ball can have the courage to go through all of that? She will carry ten tremendous guns. And when she pokes her headish head out of these waters, then take you look for a speedy raising of the blockade, &c. I would not be afraid to go anywhere in her; right under the guns of Fortress Monroe would be as safe as anywhere else."

From the Army.

We take the subjoined correspondence from the Richmond Examiner of Monday:

ON THE OCCUPATION, Sept. 6 1861. PROSPECTS OF A GENERAL ACTION.—From what can be learned in the camps, gathered at headquarters or concluded from the events of the last few days, we are now equally and positively certain that no attack is designed on our part on Arlington Heights or immediately on the works of Washington. The occupation of Hall's Hill has not been followed up by anything indicative of an attack on the Union works at Arlington. Again, it is somewhat remarkable that the headquarters of Generals Johnston and Beauregard could still be at Manassas Junction, and not be moved to the advance.

If the enemy should accept the gaze of battle which we have offered persistently for nearly a week past, or we should be able to excite a general action by heavy skirmishing on our lines, the end of our advance movements will be sufficiently gained. The battle, should such occur, will be fought on our advanced lines, and in a position sufficiently advantageous to be followed up into Washington. The conclusion is positive, and confirmed by every particle of intelligence we can obtain, no direct attack is at present designed upon the works of Washington, at least not on the Southern side.

EXTENT OF OUR LINES.—The prisoners we captured at Hall's Hill—some six or seven—will be sent down to-morrow. They say that the enemy has been preparing to give us battle. Skirmishing continues on our lines and the shots of the pickets are heard nearly every morning before breakfast. Our lines are very extensive, reaching from Leesburg to a point near Occoquan, just below Mount Vernon, along the entire extent of which the fire of the pickets may be heard from regiment to regiment.

THE HAMILTON LEGION.—The Hamilton Legion is at one of the extreme points of the advance, and in a position in which some brilliant work may be expected from this gallant corps at any time. It is improper to anticipate the results of an expedition of picked men of the legion, which left yesterday, and from which news is not hourly expected. The legion is one of the best appointed corps in the whole army, and we are particularly indebted to its officers and members for some of the most grateful civilities of our tour through the camps. We hope they will understand that we owe them and are anxious to return them our best acknowledgments.

We take the following editorial notes from the Examiner of the same date: Before many hours have elapsed the Potomac will be effectually closed by powerful batteries, and the water avenue to Washington put under strict blockade. The reason for not doing this at an early period was simply that we had no available force sufficient to protect our works, which would be likely to encounter such a formidable movement on the part of our enemy to destroy. The Potomac has been shut up, and a force is there ample to defend our batteries and defy all comers. The river is no longer navigable to Lincoln's craft. Those that try it hereafter are apt to be sunk and have their crew and passengers dispatched to "Davy Jones' Locker."

Gen. A. Sidney Johnston has, as we anticipated several days since, been assigned to department of the West, and put in immediate command of the operations now in progress on the upper Mississippi. A better selection for so important a command could not have been made.

The Examiner has also late intelligence from the army in Western Virginia. It says: Since the battle at Cross Lanes General Floyd was waiting for supplies. In addition to the 96 Yankee prisoners, with some Union men, brought down to Richmond a few days ago the train on Saturday brought down 15 prisoners, who had been captured since the rout of the enemy at Cross Lanes. They were taken straggling through the woods, where they had been lost in the complete rout and dispersion of Tyler's command. The attack was made on Tyler's troops while they were eating breakfast, and at the first gun the colonel, accompanied by all his field officers, fled with the utmost dispatch from the field. Col. Tyler barely escaped through the wings of our forces.

Gen. Floyd's position, at last accounts, was across the Gauley river, about one mile and a half beyond it. The enemy were in full force, under Gen. Cox, at Gauley's bridge. On the other side of the river Gen. Wise was strongly posted in the vicinity of the Gauley road. He had occupied Hawk's Nest, which had been abandoned by the enemy after a skirmish of pickets. Above the Kanawha, and beyond its forks, the enemy had been outflanked. Gen. Chapman, who held his position with 2,000 militia. The enemy, under Gen. Cox, was thus surrounded by these three several divisions, and all hopes of his retreat cut off—the only fear being that Rosecrans might make a junction with him, and thus reverse the relative position of the two forces by cutting off Floyd's command.

To which Mr. Lincoln replied: "Well we will have to fight two or three battles before we can set the matter." As two battles have already been fought according to Mr. Lincoln's authority peace is near at hand.—Louisville Courier.

WHAT LINCOLN THINKS OF THE DUATION OF THE WAR.—We understand that a day or two previous to the battle of Manassas, one of our oldest and most respectable citizens (and an unconditioned Union man) called upon President Lincoln, and among the many questions which he propounded was the following viz: "How long do you think the war will last?"

Letter from Prisoner Harris.

"It will be remembered that a Mr. Harris, who set out from Washington in company with a Mr. McGraw, to obtain the remains of Col. Cameron, after the battle of Manassas Plains, was arrested by order of Gen. Beauregard because they sought to evade the ordinary usages of civilized warfare, which had not been reported to by the Lincoln Government, for fear of implicitly recognizing the Confederate States as a belligerent power. The New York News of the 27th ult. quotes from a letter from Mr. Harris, now in confinement in Richmond, to a friend in that city. He says:

I wish that you had been with me in that trip over the battle field, two days after the fight. Had I wish that those men in the North who have sent forth armies to invade the South could have witnessed the awful scene. For miles beyond we reached the scene of combat, dead bodies lay scattered on each side of the road; sometimes singly, and sometimes in groups, five together, I saw two powerful Squares in their full uniform, their corpses swollen with putrefaction, the eyes of Falstaff, and blacker than Othello. Close by them lay a fine looking young officer—almost a boy—just breathing his last. He had lain there where he fell, without help or succor, for two days of torture. The Southerners buried their own dead first, but in the meanwhile, and before a dead body was committed to the earth, scouting parties were sent everywhere through the woods, and for miles about, hunting for the wounded of both armies. They behaved with the utmost kindness towards the Federal troops, and the shameful stories of barbarities committed are all false. The slaughter must have been immense. I passed through one small field, where four hundred Northern men were buried that day, and the burying party was still at work by moonlight.

We were confined twenty-four hours in the same place with thirty-nine federal officers; among them Col. Corcoran. There is no chance for their regaining their freedom till the Government at Washington comes to its senses, and recognizes the Southern Confederacy as a belligerent, as it has previously proved itself to be—and a very pernicious one at that!

One of the officers said to me he was tired of fighting for a government that gave him three chances for death, viz: to be killed in action—to be left to die if wounded—or to be hung in retaliation, if captured; while the only chance for life was to run away from the battle field. I do not doubt these officers will be hung if any hanging happens to the prisoners of the Secession and other prisoners in the hands of Mr. Lincoln. Will the President stickle longer upon the miserable dodge that the Confederacy is not belligerent? Will the Confederates and relatives of the poor fellows here in captivity tolerate this folly? We are well treated. Newly Tucker is as kind as a brother. We have nothing to complain of—have a room to ourselves in the jail, and are boarded by the keeper. Nothing wanting but our liberty.

THE SEQUESTRATION MOVEMENT IN NEW ORLEANS.

The Act passed by the Confederate Congress for the sequestration of the property of alien enemies, creates quite a stir in New Orleans. The Confederates say:

There has been a good deal of talk about the confiscation bill. There are many fine stores on Camp, Canal and Joyday streets which must come within the meaning and intent of the law. The great iron front store corner of Camp Common will come within the law; stores corner of Bank Place and Gravier; stores corner of Poydras and Camp; stores corner of Canal and Chartres; the block corner of Royal and Bienville, known as Romano's W. Montgomery's; the large warehouse on Faison and Front Levee streets. There will be some hardships in some cases. For instance the owner of one of the valuable corners on Chartres and Canal streets resided in our city from 1818 to 1835, carrying on his business as a grocery, though he never spent over two summers in the city, the others he passed in New Jersey and other places. For over twenty years. He has a son who, we believe, was born here and educated North; but who has resided here for many years. He is now fighting for the South, being a member of the Washington Artillery. As the party alluded to (the senior) is pretty well advanced in life it might not be out of place to suggest to him to divide his property anterior to his being called hence, that the son, who is now engaged and identified with the glorious cause of the South, may secure his share. There is also a resident of Brooklyn, New York formerly a distinguished lawyer of Attakapas, who owns two valuable plantations—one sugar. It will go hard with him. He removed from Louisiana many years ago. As the South did not cast the first stone, there cannot be any expected relief for those who have ignored the South for years, and drawn large sums of money from its great storehouse of wealth and riches. As the Act is retrospective, taking effect from the 21st of May last, it may call into question the debts paid by tenants since that date; therefore, tenants and hirers of property which is liable to a confiscation will do well to pay into the Confederate Treasury hereafter.

The Salisbury (N. C.) Banner says that Mr. R. H. Brown has a Spelling Book and English Grammar ready for the press. The Spelling Book, after a very careful examination of the manuscript, is pronounced superior to Webster's.

SEWING COTTON.—George Makepeace, Esq., of Falls, Randolph County, N. C., is manufacturing an excellent article of sewing cotton. Mr. M. is at present making only the lower number, but hopes to be able to produce, in a short time, any quality desired.